

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE MOSS TROOPERS.

Not far from a certain point on the long boundary line which divides the territories of American Jonathan from those of British John is a fair Canadian town which contributes a squadron of cavalry to that small but remarkably efficient little protective army known as the active militia. The major commanding this squadron is a fine fellow, take him by and large, but he has one small fault. He is a "little set in his ways," and "little" used in this connection is merely a qualification suggest by courtesy, for when he makes up his mind you could not convince him that he is not right with anything less than a Maxim at close range.

A few months ago the major commanding completed the cavalry school course necessary for the confirmation of his provisional commission and returned home with brainpan brimming with military enthusiasm. Of course the squadron enjoyed the benefit of his new ideas.

After various minor innovations came a deluge. Nothing would satisfy him but that the light dragoons must take a practice raid instead of camping at the town race course and enjoying dress parades, sham fights and flirtations with the young women visitors like any volunteer corps. In spite of a semi-mutiny, which was not entirely confined to the rank and file, he carried his point and proudly read off the department of militia's "permission" to his assembled troopers.

The whole town turned out to witness the start and cheered them nobly. Even old John Gibbs, who can show service medals for half a dozen regular army campaigns in foreign lands, declared that it "look like the real thing this time, sure enough." Every scout coated trooper, in addition to usual equipment, had a bag of oats, three days' food rations for himself, blankets and extra kit strapped to his saddle. There were camp kettles, coffee-pots, frying pans and what not. The small boys ran alongside of the departing cavalcade and screamed with glee. The general crowd voiced noisy wishes for the success of the outing. The troopers felt the martial blood stirring. All was joy and happiness, excepting perhaps among the well laden horses. But that is a detail. Amid noisy jingle of accoutrements, applause from the onlookers and much raising of dust from the clumping hoofs away went the light dragoons.

So long as they kept to the highways all was conventionally well, but of course the major commanding did not feel satisfied with this. He was out for the most realistic imitation possible of a wartime cavalry raid. And so on the morning of the second day, while the men were sleeping and reluctantly making ready to abandon their bivouac, he called his officers around him and laid down the law.

"Let us suppose that we are ordered to cut the enemy's line of communication at Blankville," explained the major commanding, at the same time pointing to the topographical map spread out at his feet.

"Bang up idea! Splendid! Ponhonor!" chirped a junior lieutenant who known to receive square envelopes bearing the postmark of the place.

"All the main roads are strongly patrolled," went on the major commanding impressively, "and it will be necessary to make a cross country trip. Here's where we are now," pointing to the map, "and here is Blankville. It's a fine chance for us to get in our rough riding."

"I should imagine so," remarked the veterinary lieutenant grimly. "All virgin country apparently. No settlers, but plenty of stiff hills, thick woods and broad swamps. If the horses can stand it, I'm sure I don't care."

"But how in the mischief will we find our way?" asked the senior captain, who was of a practical turn of mind. "Don't believe any of us know much about that section."

"Here's the map, and I'll plot our route by compass," declared the major commanding sternly, producing the latter article from his dispatch box. "It's one of the last

things we took up at the cavalry school. The topographical instructor complimented me on the rapid progress I made in this branch of the voluntary studies."

The senior captain continued to look dubious, but it is hard to reason with even a faultless commanding officer. And the major—

So the light dragoons deserted the broad though winding road leading to known places and blindly followed their commandant in his bee line cross country trail.

It was prosaic field and pasture riding for the first few miles. Then came trees so close together that it was difficult to find passage wide enough for man and beast. The column had to wriggle its way along much after the fashion of a snake. Regions of rocky boulders and impassable streams diverted them still further. Yet they held onward right lustily and traveled many miles, with occasional halts for rest and refreshment of chargers and men. About midnight, as they waded knee deep in muck, leading their worn-out steeds by the bridles, striving to extricate themselves from an apparently interminable quagmire (which somebody had forgotten to show on the official map), all the rank and file and twelve-thirtieths of the officers made up their minds that the commandant guide was at fault. He, however, continued calm and serene, with sublime confidence in his new acquirement.

Early on the following morning, after as good a night's repose as it was possible to obtain in a mosquito infested vale, the squadron met new trouble. The air became full of smoke and wood ashes. The breeze brought along with it a sound roaring and crackling which set the poor beasts to quivering and made the men impatient of delay.

A forest fire evidently was raging in the neighborhood and speeding in their direction. It was a poor place for human being, mounted or unmounted, to find themselves. Even the major commanding deemed it advisable to change their course temporarily, and they plunged along for several hours in an opposite direction to that from which the smoke seemed to be coming. Nevertheless the fire drew nearer; and with true pleasure they emerged out upon a promising road.

"Which way now, sir?" asked the senior captain, riding up to the commandant and casting sheep's eyes at the dusty thoroughfare, across which the members of the squadron were slowly urging their horses.

"Pass the word to halt, dismount and slacken girths for a short rest," replied the major, "but don't let either of the trumpeters sound a call or I'll strangle them."

"Eh? What?" ejaculated the subordinate.

"I'm afraid that I've made a confounded mess of it!" groaned the superior.

"Oh, we're all right now!" cried the other cheerfully. "We can make quick time by sticking to this road, and it's bound to bring us out somewhere."

"What do we look like?" demanded the major, with apparent irrelevancy.

"Er—I beg your pardon, sir," replied the senior captain, opening his eyes in astonishment at the question.

"What with faces and clothes scratched and torn from brambles and branches and plenty of dirt from soot and mud caked all over horses and men, we are a pretty tough looking lot of soldiers of the queen! More like guerrillas or train robbers!"

"Why, my dear fellow," began the senior captain remonstratingly. "Hush!" interrupted the major commanding. "I think I hear wheels coming along the road! Quick! Get the men to cover! Everything hide! We must not be seen!"

Thunderstruck at the incoherent speeches of the commandant and beginning to suspect that his brain was affected, the senior captain did not make proper haste in executing the strange order, especially as it struck him that over a hundred troopers, with saddles half off their sweating steeds, could not find close ambush in a hurry. So the bulk of the squadron was on

the road in plain view when the mysterious cause of their commandant's perturbation appeared at the bend.

It was a rattletrap of a buggy drawn by a similar specimen of a nag and holding a single individual, apparently a well-to-do farmer.

At sight of the soldiery the newcomer pulled the poor horse up on its haunches and without pausing for a second glance turned his vehicle so short that the off wheels went high off the ground and, lashing cruelly at the plunging quadruped, scurried out of sight again as if fiends were after him.

"Now, we've done it!" growled the major commanding. "At least I've done it," he added in a semi-apologetic tone. "I've lost my way and brought you over the border. We're in the United States now."

"Hey!" snorted the captain. "Yes, and that fellow in the buggy has gone off to report us to the authorities most likely," went on the other gloomily. "I suppose you can imagine what that means. With all due deference to the great republic, they are mighty touchy about such things as finding an armed body of British soldiery on their territory. They're not likely to listen to explanations for a while. Shouldn't wonder if they made an international affair out of it. Our government will have to reprimand us anyway. I'll be broke, of course, and probably the squadron disbanded."

"What can we do?" voiced the senior captain pensively.

"Do? Nothing," replied the major commanding concisely. "But, as we're in for a lamb, we might as well take the whole sheep and start back home by this road."

"Well, that's better than it might be," put in the other philosophically.

"I don't know," went on the major relentlessly. "We will have to pass through Dashtown and maybe get arrested by the civil authorities and be jailed as suspicious characters."

"It'll have to be a pretty smart Yankee constable that can serve a warrant on us while we're galloping," affirmed the senior captain.

Just at this moment a shower of blazing sticks, hot coals and wood ashes set the horses to prancing, while the approaching clouds of smoke and increasing heat gave warning that it was no time to linger. The little mounted column was formed up in ranks and moved ahead at a brisk trot. But word of their predicament had been passed among them, and the faces of the troopers wore a by no means happy expression. Debouquing from the thickest part of the forest about half an hour later, they came upon the outlying white houses and red barns of the American village of Dashtown. The road which they were traveling formed the main and only street of the hamlet, the buildings lining it upon either hand for a mile or more. At the crest of a little hill near the center of the place a lot of farm wagons, some of them loaded with hay and grain, were drawn across the roadway.

The Canadians were not left in doubt long as to the intentions of the people on whose domains they were trespassing. Several villagers stepped boldly out in front of the barricade and opened fire with rifles and long barreled ducking guns. The first bullet cut a gash in the plump cheek of Trumpeter Ned, and the healthy young fellow started in to bleed like a stuck pig.

"Steady, men! Halt!" cried the major commanding, with tears of anguish pouring down his cheeks, although his voice was like a rock. The troopers reined in their chargers. Several bullets came pinging through the air, but luckily the distance was too great for accurate aim, and all the missiles after the first chance shot went wide or fell short of the mark.

"I want to acknowledge to you that it's all my fault getting you into this mess," bellowed the major wildly, "but for the honor of the service, we must take the medicine together. Right about face! Slow and easy! That's it. Retire at a walk!"

As if on parade, the light dragoons had pivoted their chargers in the narrow roadway, and they fell back at the slowest pace possible to their tightly reined steeds. As

soon as they were again in the shelter of the woods the column halted. The surgeon lieutenant proceeded to bind up the trivial wound of the elated young field musician. The major commanding swore roundly and in the intervals held forth to his assembled officers.

"I can't understand such a hostile reception," he rattled away indignantly. "Our nations are not at war, nor is there any danger of such a catastrophe just now, so far as I know. It's bad enough to be liable to civil arrest here and disciplining at home, without running the risk of being shot down on sight. I don't think there can be any more miserable feeling than this of being under fire without hope of retaliation. Those fellows—"

"If you will pardon me, sir," interrupted the senior captain, "I would point out that something must be done, and that very quickly. We have this forest fire drawing up rapidly on our rear and these armed villagers in front. Retreat by either flank I take to be out of the question, considering the trouble we've already had in navigating through the woods."

"Just so," put in the major commanding, his face slightly flushing as he spoke. "We will send a flag of truce forward. Have it made ready."

But something white that might serve for the signal of peace was hard to find among that flannel shirted squad. The lint rolls of the surgeon lieutenant were the nearest thing to the color wanted, but they were a trifle too gray for the purpose. The major solved the problem by dismounting, unbuckling his sword and revolver belts and handing them and their attached weapons to an orderly. In spite of the protests of his conferees, he started to trudge along the road leading into the village.

"I've got you here, and I'm the one to get you out," he announced succinctly, if not grammatically. "They won't shoot a lone and unarmed man, even if he has no white flag. You know that as well as I do. But, of course, it is my duty to make provision even for the unexpected. If anything should happen to me," he went on, pausing a moment to turn and directly address the senior captain, "you will be in command. Surrender freely to the opposing forces and lay all the blame upon my amateur pilotage."

And he went on his way. "Begorra! If anything does happen to the major, I don't intend to give myself up so easy," growled a quartermaster sergeant, resting carbine on the pommel of his saddle and proceeding to fill the magazine from his cartridge belt.

A dozen or more of the men at once followed his rash example. The officers were too intent upon the receding figure of their self appointed emissary to notice or check them.

The major strode along unharmed, although not unnoticed, as several gun barrels gleaming from behind piles of cordwood and other vantage points attested, until he was within 20 or 30 paces of the wagon barricade. Then a sturdy young farmer came forward and cried:

"How'dy, stranger? What might be your business?"

Although the major was puffing for breath by reason of combined excitement and walking exertion, he endeavored to shout an explanation of matters, but was interrupted by the other, who "calated he'd best see Pop Smith." The officer was accordingly ushered in behind the barricade and brought before a tall and elderly man, who sat upon the top of an up ended cracker box, with his feet sprawled out in front. A long barreled rifle leaned against his left shoulder, while his two hands were employed in whittling thin slivers from a piece of clear pine with a keen edged hunting knife. All around him were grouped the men, women and children of the village.

Many were armed with rifles and guns, while the balance had cartridge belts, powder flasks and bullet pouches strung about them and evidently acted as a sort of ammunition reserve.

"Glad to meet yer, mister," remarked the elder after the major had been introduced by the young

farmer. But he said this without so much as pausing or taking his eyes from off the whittling operations.

The major commanding told the tale of how they had unknowingly strayed into the territories of the United States in as few words as possible, and respectfully asked permission for his troop and himself to pass on to their own country unmolested.

"It sounds straight enough, stranger," replied Pop Smith as soon as the speaker had finished, "but I'll just cross question another witness. I've had my doubts about"—Stopping short in his evident misgivings and hurling the stick of wood upon which he had been whittling into an adjacent garden patch, he shut up the knife and called at the top of his lungs: "Seth! Seth Larkins! Where be you?"

"Here I be," a nasal voice replied, and a worthy whom the major commanding had little difficulty in recognizing as the occupant of the buggy which had so hastily retreated on catching sight of their array stepped forward.

"Noah! Seth, you told us that you saw a whole British army loaded down with plunder and looking like very devils, didn't you?" inquired the elder gravely.

"Well, there was a gang of them," answered the rustic surlily. "And they fired a lot of cannon and rifles at you?" went on Pop relentlessly, with dry humor in his tone.

"No, I never said that," retorted the other quickly. "I said they was getting ready to when I dusted off so quick as not to give them any chance."

"But you saw in the papers that there was going to be war between England and America before long?"

"Yes, I've read that lots of times, and so've you."

"Seth Larkins," went on Pop Smith indignantly, "you've told some pretty tall hunting and fishing yarns in your day, but I vum if this last rigamarole don't lay over the whole billing of them." Then, turning suddenly upon the major commanding, "But, mister, there's one thing more needs to be cleared up. What's all that smoke behind you? If it hadn't been for that, we'd only laughed at Seth and his string of wild talk. It looks most tarantula like as if somebody had been setting fire to houses and barns and standing crops. I'm not going to take no."

"The woods are blazing, and the fire is coming this way," hastily interrupted the officer. "There'll be houses and barns and standing crops burning in real earnest, and right around here, too, if something is not done in a hurry."

"Gosh all hemlocks!" ejaculated more than one of the male auditors. "Have you any spare axes?" went on the Canadian.

"Hull gross new ones just come in," replied Pop, nodding across the street toward a stores building which bore a sign reading, "Ebenezer J. Smith, Post-office."

"Then I can help you fight the fire with a hundred good men," cried the major commanding, at once stripping off his uniform coat and climbing on top of one of the wagons of the barricade in order to signal to his troopers to come on. "We'll try a match to see which side can set the chips flying the fastest."

It was a great day. The combined forces of the townsmen and light dragoons soon cleared a broad strip of woodland to fence off the advancing flames. The women and children made such a fuss over the wounded trumpeter that the boy is nearly spoiled for ordinary life. The troopers were feasted and entertained to the verge of acute gastritis. Moreover, they were passed free and clear to their own borders and everybody sworn to silence concerning their mishap.

A certain rural company of a certain state national guard has accepted an invitation to invade Canada secretly next summer, and, if all goes as it should, some of them will meet brothers-in-law as well as in arms among the light dragoons.—New York Press.

A commercial bureau like the Philadelphia one has been established in Berlin, for the particular purpose of developing Oriental trade.

The New Teacher.

"It was in the English class," says the Louisville Courier-Journal. "and a new teacher had just been employed. She was from the north and called all the pupils 'Miss,' at which they marveled greatly. On the first day the teacher told her class that she would not give a regular lesson, but each girl should write down all the slang she knew and bring that to the next day's recitation. That was a 'cinch.' Several girls who possessed brothers and the rest who possessed other girls' brothers, set them to work."

The result was marvelous. "When the class was called next day, there was not a girl who could not show two closely written pages of slang expressions. The teacher looked 'Very good,' she said. 'Now translate them into readable English.' They haven't fooled with her since."

Saved by a Lamb.

There is a beautiful Cathedral in the town of Werden in Germany. There is a figure of a lamb sculptured in stone on the tower.

Many years ago a tiler was occupied on the tower of the Cathedral, repairing the tiles on the roof. He stood on a scaffold and the rope broke. Suddenly he fell from the great height.

The people who saw him falling, expected that he would be dashed to pieces, as the Cathedral was surrounded with large sharp stones.

The people felt sure that they would find the tiler's corpse. A lamb was nibbling the grass, which grew among the stones. The tiler fell exactly upon it and he got up at once without a scratch. The lamb was crushed to death. He did not rest until a sculptor had sculptured a lamb in stone. He put it on the tower of the Cathedral at the place from which he fell, as a token of his gratitude. He was saved by the lamb.—F. L. Gajewski.

Brought in Pa's Prayers.

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of a poor-paid pastor of a rural church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yep, brought pa's prayers; an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me, an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones.

The prayer-meeting adjourned in short order.—Selected.

A. & M.—D. & D.

[Here are a number of brief editorials from the Raleigh Times-Visitor concerning the game that was played between the Agricultural and Mechanical College and the Deaf and Dumb boys last Friday.]

The baseball game yesterday was one-sided affair so far as yelling counted.

The Morganton ball team turned the deaf ear to the farmer rooters yesterday.

The dummy ball players were speechless yesterday when the score was announced.

It was harrowing to see the mute appeals to the umpire in yesterday's game.

Though sorry wit was over on the end of the tongues of the talking team, the dummies showed that they had baseball at the finger tips.

That the deaf and dumb players are not professionals is a fact, and it is equally true that they play "scientific" ball.

The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take \$20,000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

Donations may be sent to:—

The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York, President ex-officio, 39 Lafayette Place.
Rev. Dr. E. H. Kraus, First Vice-President, 234 Central Park West.
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Second Vice-President, Station M.
Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary, 8 Hampden St., Waldham Heights.
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Mr. Z. F. Westervelt, Rochester, N. Y.
Mr. E. C. Rider, Malone, N. Y.
Rev. C. O. Dantzer, 11 Mason St., Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Services in the Diocese of Albany

Until further notice the following arrangement of regular services in the Diocese of Albany, will be adhered to as closely as possible.

FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

SECOND SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A.M.—St. John's, Johnstown.
7:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Services on other Sundays and week-days will be announced from time to time, as occasion may require.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

On Sunday, April 29, Mr. Van Allen will read prayers at St. Ann's, New York, at 3:00 P.M.

On Sunday, May 20, *Deo volente*, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be at Albany and Troy. Notice of the hour of services will be given later.

Silent Lovers Quarrel

A curious crowd gathered at the court room this morning, drawn by the expectation of seeing the principals in one of the most curious breach of promise suits ever brought in this county. They are Miss Hannah Adams, who is suing George H. Riggs, of Burlington for damages.

Both are deaf-mutes, and met and loved at the Trenton School for Deaf-Mutes. The girl lives at Metuchen. The case went off for the term on account of the absence of two material witnesses for the defense.

At a previous trial of the case the evidence was all given in sign language, interpreted for the jury by John P. Walker, superintendent of the Trenton school.—New Brunswick, N. J., Times, April 10.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1634 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Nenth the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

WE are indebted to the Volta Bureau for a very beautiful quart volume, bound in blue cloth handsomely embossed and gilt, entitled "Helen Keller Souvenir," commemorating Miss Keller's Harvard Final Examination for admission to Radcliffe College.

The contents embrace a preface by Supt. John Hitz, of the Volta Bureau, and chapters by Dr. A. Graham Bell, Miss Annie M. Sullivan, Arthur Gilman, M.A., and Merton G. Keith, A.B.; "Chronological Statement of Studies," by Miss Keller, and a fac-simile of the College Certificate of Admission, signed by Agnes Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe College, which contains the statement "Miss Keller passed with credit in advanced Latin."

The book has four full-page illustrations, the frontispiece being a portrait of Miss Helen A. Keller, taken in 1893, and the others portraits of Miss Annie M. Sullivan, Mr. Merton S. Keith, and Misses Sullivan and Keller photographed in 1898.

Wedded by Signs.

BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, MINISTER AND GUESTS, WERE DEAF-MUTES.

BALTIMORE, April 18.—Herman Koenig and Helen Estelle Rohner, deaf-mutes, were married in Eutaw Street Methodist Episcopal Church by another deaf-mute, the Rev. Daniel Edward Moylan, in the presence of an assemblage composed mostly of deaf-mutes.

There were no attendants on either bride or bridegroom.

All present followed with close attention the ceremony in sign language, and the responses. If the bride was nervous she did not betray it in her finger voice.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Koenig received the congratulations of their friends, who gesticulated animatedly but silently.

Mr. Moylan is a regularly ordained deaf-mute preacher. His wife, formerly Miss Mattie Linthum, is also a deaf-mute. They have had four children, of whom the two that survive can hear and speak.—N. Y. World.

Power of Speech Is Destroyed by Surgery.

If Giro Martino fully understood his mental condition, perhaps he would not care to live after all the efforts to save his life.

A very delicate and dangerous operation on this man has left him a sufferer from aphasia. He has lost the power of speech, and if his life is saved he must learn to talk all over again.

Martino was shot through the head twelve days ago at his home, No. 2126 Second Avenue, as the result of an altercation with a collector. The collector's gun was quicker than Martino's knife.

At the Harlem Hospital the surgeons found a hole on each side of Martino's head, near the top, and concluded that the bullet had passed through. Later they learned that the bullet was somewhere in the man's head.

He had lost one and one-half ounces of brain matter. The surgeons splintered bones in their efforts to save the man's life by locating the bullet.

The brain matter, it appears, was important to Martino's faculties of speech. He has not been able to frame a sentence since.

The surgeons, Dr. Neasey, Dr. Moller and Dr. Babcock, said that it was a rare physical and mental condition and that Martino's chance for life was very small.

—N. Y. Journal.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Two More Defeats for the Ball Team.

LITERARY MEETING BY THE O. W. L. S.

Other Interesting Items of the Past Week.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 23, 1900.—The Campers returned Monday, and the college work was resumed Tuesday. The week has been uneventful with the exception of a few base ball games, which unfortunately were all defeats. Two of them were scored by the first nine and the other by the Reserves.

The first game was with the Maryland Agricultural College, and was played on the diamond at College Park, Thursday afternoon. There has always been a determined spirit of rivalry between Gallaudet and Maryland Agricultural College in baseball, and it is generally nipped and tuck till the last man is out in the final inning whenever the teams of these two colleges meet. The farmer boys never say hold—never acknowledge defeat till the game is over. They showed this spirit in a conspicuous way Thursday when the ninth inning was reached with Gallaudet one run in the lead, after taking her half at the bat, Maryland Agricultural College came in, the first man up walked to first on balls, the second scored a hit, the third sacrificed and scored the first, and the score was a tie. The next also scored a hit and brought in the winning run, and as the game was lost after one more run, our boys left to catch the cars for home. The trip this year was made on the electric cars for the first time. The score:

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Carpenter, 1b.	5	1	1	12	0	0
Rosson, c.f.	4	1	1	7	0	0
Chambers, 3d.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Waters, p.	5	1	2	1	5	0
Lawrence, s.s.	5	0	2	3	2	0
Gellius, 2b.	4	0	1	3	3	0
Andree, c.	5	0	1	3	2	1
Wheeler, l.f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Barham, r.f.	5	1	1	1	0	1
Totals.	43	6	11	25	14	3

M. A. C.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Meyers, c.	4	1	1	7	0	0
Hann, l.f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Nicholls, s.s.	4	1	0	2	0	2
Peach, r.f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Sappington, 1b.	4	0	1	11	0	2
Edgin, c.f.	3	2	0	3	0	0
Grassie, 2b.	3	2	1	1	0	1
Whiteford, 3b.	3	0	0	1	4	0
Brown, p.	4	1	2	1	1	0
Totals.	31	8	7	27	14	5

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Gallaudet.	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	1-8
M. A. C.	1	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	1-8

*One out when winning run was made.

Bases stolen—Brown, Meyers, Barham. Two base hits—Lawrence. Three base hits—Peach. Double plays—Gallaudet. 1. Bases on balls—Off Waters, 3; off Brown, 3. Hit by pitched balls—By Waters, 2. Struck out—By Waters, 1; by Brown, 2. Passed balls—Andrew, Meyers. Wild pitches—Waters, 3. Umpire—Mr. Jenner, of M. A. C. Time—Two hours.

The features of the game were the batting of Waters and Lawrence for Gallaudet, and of Brown and Peach for Maryland Agricultural College. It will be observed from a glance at the totals above that Gallaudet has 11 hits to her credit and only 3 errors, while Maryland Agricultural College has only 7 hits and 5 errors. This would indicate that Gallaudet ought to have won the game—but the umpire!

The other game was with the Naval Cadets at Annapolis, Md., Saturday. Rain prevented a nine innings game. But five were played, the score standing at the end 9 to 3 in favor of the Cadets.

The score:

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Carpenter, 1b.	2	0	0	5	0	1
Rosson, p.	3	0	0	1	4	0
Chambers, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Waters, c.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Lawrence, s.s.	1	1	0	2	0	0
Gellius, 2b.	3	1	1	1	1	2
Andree, c.	2	0	2	4	0	0
Edgin, l.f.	3	0	0	0	1	1
Haines, r.f.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	20	3	4	15	7	5

CADETS.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Weaver, 1b.	3	0	1	7	0	0
Hammer, c.f.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Childs, s.s.	4	2	1	3	2	1
Long, r.f.	3	2	0	0	0	0
Bartholow, c.	3	2	0	3	1	0
Berner, 2b.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Read, l.f.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Ryden, 3b.	3	0	1	1	1	1
Ellis, p.	0	0	0	0	2	0
Randenbush, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	26	9	6	15	8	2

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5
Gallaudet.	0	0	3	0	0-3
Cadets.	5	4	0	0	0-9

Bases stolen—Barham, Long, Ryden. Three base hits—Andree. Bases on balls—Off Rosson, 4; off Randenbush, 1; off Ellis, 3. Struck out—By Rosson, 3; by Randenbush, 1; by Ellis, 1. Wild pitches—Rosson, 1. Umpire—Mr. Paul Dashiell. Time—1½ hours.

The Monitor Puritan was at the academy wharf and the members of the team and a few others who accompanied it had the pleasure of boarding and inspecting the boat.

The Reserves played the Eastern High School Friday and lost 13 to 5.

The score was about even till the last inning, when High School boys made a batting rally, and aided by errors on the part of the Reserves,

forced a half dozen more runs home in that one inning.

Mr. Luther Taylor, who has been filling the position of boys' supervisor at the Morganton, N. C., School, stopped over at the college a couple of days when on his way to Albany, N. Y., where he goes to join the Eastern League team of that city. He took in the game at College Park Thursday. He is the pitcher of whom several of the Institution papers have been speaking of late. But strange as it may seem, none of them seemed to know his whereabouts, notwithstanding the fact that he has been playing both foot ball and baseball on the teams of the North Carolina School during the past year. His work in the box during several games played by the school team against the leading colleges of the State, was highly spoken of by the daily papers of the State.

Andrew J. Sullivan, '96, was a visitor at the College Monday. He was on his way back to Raleigh, N. C., from Philadelphia, where he went for the Easter holidays.

The Seniors' vacation of ten days before Presentation day began Thursday.

The O. W. L. S. held a literary meeting Saturday night at which the following program was carried out:

ESSAY: "Carlyle," Miss Lansom, '00.

A VISION OF FAIR WOMEN: Helen of Troy, Miss McGregor, '02; Cleopatra, Miss Delong, '02; Jephthah's daughter, Miss Norton, '01; Queen Elizabeth, Miss Finch, '03.

RECITATIONS: "The Pilot's Story," Miss Bauman, '02; "The Story of Prince and Paup," Miss Zell, '02.

RECITATION AND TABLEAU: THE BEARX, Miss Snyder, '02. The Parson, Miss Webster, '03. The Youth, Miss Postel, '02. The Maiden, Miss Goldstein, '02.

TABLEAU: "In the Lap of Spring," Spring, Miss Brizendine, '01; Winter, Miss Goslin, I. C.

RECITATION: "The Soul of the Violin," Miss Crawford, '03.

After two or three failures to hold an election for want of a quorum, the S. N. D. C. finally accomplished the feat last week by electing the following officers: President, Nichols, '01; Vice-President, Schneider, '02; Secretary, Wyand, '02; Treasurer, Snyder, '03; Committee on Play, Nichols and Moran, '01, Strong and Northern, '02, and Johnson, '03; Committee on Arrangements, Schneider and Wyand Campbell, '02, Snyder, '03, and Barham, I. C.

Saturday was re-examination day for conditioned students.

Last week in speaking of the campers at Great Falls, we omitted an important item. Prof. Hotchkiss and Mr. W. E. Martin were with one of the parties, and seemed to have enjoyed themselves as much as any of the young fellows. Mr. Martin is still staying on the Green. He accompanied the team to Annapolis, Saturday.

The track team goes to Philadelphia next Saturday. The wedding out process preliminary to selecting the best men for the team is now going on. Competitive races were held Friday for this purpose. The final composition of the team has not yet been determined upon.

The base-ball team plays the Washington Young Men Christian Association team which recently defeated Harvard, on Wednesday, at Van Ness Park in the city.

Prof. Ely enjoyed a visit from his parents during the past week.

R. S. T.

The Dog Was Tired.

The negro is famous for his irrepressible good humor, even under the most trying conditions. His ability to see and appreciate the "silver lining" to a cloud, however obscure, might well be emulated by many a morose white man. The following story, told by the late General Lawton, of the night after the affair at El Caney, is quoted by the *Youth's Companion* to illustrate the point:

General Lawton's division was marching back, to take a new position the next morning, after the fight at El Caney. The general and his inspector-general, Major Webb, were sitting by the roadside, watching the tired but plucky men file past. The dawn was just breaking.

They heard, up the road, a man talking and laughing loudly. Other men were chatting and joking. The colored troops were coming. A big corporal was the loud talker. He seemed especially jolly, although in addition to his own accoutrements he carried the gun and full ammunition belt of another man, who was limping by his side. In his arms he had a dog, the company mascot.

"Here, corporal," called Major Webb, "didn't you march all last night, and didn't you fight all day, and haven't you been marching since ten o'clock to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said the big corporal, making a vain attempt to salute.

"Well, then," the major shouted, "what are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the reply. Whereupon, according to General Lawton, Major Webb rolled over and over on the ground, and laughed and cried like a boy.

God tests to make men strong. Satan tempts to lead them wrong.

OHIO.

Creditable Record of a Deaf Man.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN THE FALL.

Other News Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of J. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Legislature adjourned *sine die*, Monday noon, its appropriations for the institution for the next two years are generous, we got nearly all that was asked for, for current expenses, salaries, repairs, etc. It also passed an act permitting the board of trustees to increase the salaries of the lady teachers one hundred dollars, and that of the supervisor of speech and lip reading one hundred and fifty dollars. The law, however, does not prove effective until February 15th next.

The *Dispatch* of this city published an interesting sketch of Mr. William Sheppard in its issue of April 8th. We had intended to give only an abstract of the article, but to do so would spoil it so we append the whole.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Of the three oldest men in the carpenter department of the Pan Handle shops, Griffith, Sheppard and Glass, the record of William Sheppard is by far the most unusual. Not only on account of his long service with the company or any particular achievement, but because he is the only male employed out there among the 1,300 men, and has crossed the big Pan Handle yards with nearly a score of medals and switches in front of the shop every day several times for years, and has never had an accident. He is very keen of observation, and it is said that a person possessed with all his faculties would be in less danger with him than alone.

Mr. Sheppard was born June 29, 1830, in Leap, Kings County, Ireland, and followed the occupation of gardener there with his father, until the age of 27. As far as is known he has been deaf and dumb all his life. He was educated at the Claremont Institution for deaf and dumb at Dublin. In the industrial department of this school he learned the printer's trade but never followed it, leaving there soon after to come to this country.

Coming to America to try his fortune in the New World, Mr. Sheppard landed at Toronto, Canada, where he remained eight years, and then came to the United States. After that, he wandered around for a while, finding work at his trade in different cities until he landed in Columbus in 1855. He found employment at the Pan Handle shops, west of the city, January 22, 1866, and has been continuously in the service of the Pennsylvania company as a carpenter ever since. In his younger days, he did special cabinet work, but has done regular carpenter work most of the time. At the age of 70 years, which will be in June, he is a very active man, and possesses strong faculties except those he has always been devoid of. He is an incessant reader, and becomes very enthusiastic over the accounts of war or politics, and has voted for but one Democrat, which was in last Monday's election.

Mr. Sheppard had been in this town only some eight months until he was married to one of the granddaughters of the Columbus Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Miss Sarah Collins. They were married on the 23d of August, 1896, and for their wedding feast drove out to the country, and the feast corresponds to Reeses station on the Norfolk & Western, just below Valley Crossing. A week was spent about there visiting relatives and friends, when the happy couple returned to the city, and the head of the new family took up his work again. Mrs. Sheppard died January 9, 1897. To them three children were born: James G., bookkeeper with the Val Locomotive Works; William C., shipping clerk with the M. C. Lilley Company, and Annie, who has the responsibilities of the home of her father.

It is very likely that by the opening of school next fall the whole Institution will be lighted by electricity. The legislature at its recent sessions made provisions for a plant, and the trustees at their meeting, Tuesday, decided to advertise for a dynamo engine and switch-board. The new school building is lighted by electricity but it is supplied by one of the city companies.

Easter proved a pleasant day, in commemoration of the event the pupils were given eggs for breakfast, the younger ones were also supplied with colored eggs by their matrons. At dinner each pupil found an Easter flower at his or her plate. Lilies adorned the chapel stage at the afternoon service which was conducted by Superintendent Jones, having, of course, for his subject the Risen Christ. Miss Julia Moulder and her sister of Lancaster, Mr. John Barnes and Sooy Dresback of Johnstown, were the outside visitors.

The plans and specifications of the new barn for the Home, which were kindly furnished by Mr. Harry E. Stevenson, of New Jersey, have arrived and are highly spoken of by those who have examined them. The foundation for the structure is under way and it is expected to have the building done some time next month. A jollification in the way of a dance and a good country dinner as an opening feature, or rather in honor of its completion, is proposed. The *Enquirer*, of Sunday, contained the following:

Billy Hoy, the clever outfielder, has signed a contract with the Chicago team. He left last night for West Baden Springs. He will remain at that famous health resort for three days and will then join the Chicago team in time for the opening of the season, next Thursday. Hoy will play centerfield for Comiskey's White Stockings. He is one of the best players that was forced out of the major league by the recent reduction of the circuit. He is independent of basing as he has saved his money. Comiskey doubtless pays him his price, as Hoy has said that he would not sign for less than he received in Louisville.

Mrs. M. A. Pierce, niece of the late George Wakefield, was a visitor at the Institution, Wednesday, to meet old friends. She was in town several days attending to business and left here Thursday evening for Boston, where she will remain until the latter part of May and then return to her home in Pasadena, California.

Mrs. Sarah Gibson has come to Columbus and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGinness.

Mr. Levi Taylor was over from Plain City, Saturday, combining business with pleasure.

The library of the Institution, Tuesday, was an interesting place to visit to those who are lovers of art needle work. There were a dozen or more of sofa pillows exhibited. It was the work of Mrs. Jones' class during the past year. Every one who came in, had nothing but words of praise for the beautiful and skillful designs as worked out by the young ladies which form the class.

There was a farewell gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Meyer, in Cleveland, recently. Their son-in-law, Mr. Bissel with his family had decided to return to Florida and make it their future home. They lived down there some years ago but returned to Cleveland, and have been living there since. Mr. Bissel's health could not stand the climate and hence concluded to go back to the land of oranges and alligators. All of Mr. Meyer's children were at his home to bid the parting guests good-bye.

Miss Eva Nutt is still visiting with friends in the city and will remain until about the first of May.

It is proposed to have a reception on the evening of April 28th, at the Trinity Parish House. Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Mann are expected to be present. The day following Rev. Mann will hold religious services in the city.

The *Press Post* of last evening contained the following:

MUTE KILLED.

EAST LIVERPOOL, April 20.—Charles Snyder, a mute, living at Hammondville, was struck and instantly killed by an east-bound passenger train near here, yesterday. He is 26 years old and unmarried.

Inquiry at the institution fails to give any information as to his having been a pupil here. Very likely he was from Pennsylvania or West Virginia.

Mr. Thomas F. Goldsmith, owing to the character of his work in the Recorder's office, has been compelled to wear "specs" and when he mingles with his old friends they hardly recognize him. One would take him for some erudite Professor now.

April 21, '00. A. B. G.

Letter of Explanation.

"How great a fire a little matter kindleth!"

We hoped we had heard the last of that article, much magnified in importance, which appeared in *Once-a-week*, and was reproduced in the *JOURNAL* credited to us, but it seems we were much mistaken. We should have hastened to correct the erroneous impression it made, had the editor of *Once-a-week* condescended to favor us with a copy of his paper, but we were totally ignorant of the item having been published until several weeks later, when through the courtesy of the *JOURNAL* editor we received the much belated paper containing a copy of the item.

We immediately sent a written explanation to the editor of *Once-a-week*, but as the *JOURNAL*'s Chicago correspondent took the liberty of criticising us in the columns of this paper, we consider it but an act of justice that our explanation be given space in the same way, as we do not wish to start that aforementioned tornado from Maine to California, about which a certain person seems so much exercised. The item in question was an extract from a personal letter to Mr. Kerney, in reply to his request that we join the list of correspondents for his paper and which came unsolicited by us. And just here we desire to state a fact, which no person in whatever walk of life can gainsay, which is that no editor has any right to publish private correspondence, no matter what good may accrue therefrom to the credit of his paper. But this time it has all been a mistake from beginning to end. The remark which has afforded so much food for comment, should have read thus:—"Among the many newspapers published in the interests of the deaf, not one is worth the subscription price to us," and the leaving out of the last two words is what has brought this hornet's nest about our ears.

We meant simply, that as we read the papers merely to keep informed of what our deaf friends are doing, and as we know few outside our own State and Illinois, we do not consider it worth while to subscribe for a paper that contains no knowledge of our friends, and it is true that very few of the papers contain news from Indiana.

But the item as it appeared in print placed us in an altogether unfavorable position, and gave one the impression that we bore a personal spite against the newspaper world in general and the *JOURNAL* in particular. While on the

contrary it is just the reverse, and we have a very friendly feeling toward the editors of both the *JOURNAL* and *Silent Hoosier*, for the many favors accorded us in the past, and nothing was farther from our mind than to criticize either. We have not the slightest doubt that as ye Chicago scribe puts it, the whole class of newspapers for the deaf is most excellent from a literary point of view, and we can personally vouch for the *JOURNAL* and *Hoosier* being among the best. But the *JOURNAL* contains very little information about Indiana people, and we attended school at Indianapolis where the *Silent Hoosier* is printed, in such a remote age that we know next to nothing of the school and its pupils of the present generation. Moreover, the *Hoosier* is a school paper, and its contents though above criticism are mostly in reference to the pupils.

We have no desire to pose as a public critic, either of newspapers or anything else,—we leave that to wisser heads and college-bred folks, such as ye Chicago scribe, who seem "to know it all," and with whom we make no pretensions to cope. And considering that his own path in journalism is far from being a bed of roses, it would come nearer to being the correct thing if he would show a little more leniency toward inferior beings like ourselves.

We most emphatically object to newspaper notoriety, and now that we have volunteered an explanation of the case, which was not meant for the public property, we sincerely hope other papers will confer a favor upon us by refraining from further comment. We have committed no indiscretion and shall stoop to no apology, and furthermore this is the only explanation we shall accord anyone, so it will be only a waste of muscle and mental exertion to burst another hornet's nest.

If an editor takes the liberty of publishing private correspondence and the reader thereof places a wrong misconception on the same, and straightway take offense without knowing the facts of the case, are we to blame for the consequences?

Should the reader not rather place the blame where it properly belongs and let the editor shoulder the responsibility, as those who edit papers are supposed to be above unjust censure and criticism.

In conclusion, we will simply add, that the average deaf person seldom considers a newspaper according to its literary merits; in fact, some of them are quite ignorant of the definition of such a phrase. If a paper contains news of their friends, well and good,—if the reverse is the case, they throw it aside as of little importance.

We are upheld in this statement by many of the deaf themselves, and Mr. Kerney's paper being published in Indiana and by an Indiana man, the deaf of the state naturally felt more than a passing interest in *Once-a-week</*

NEW YORK.

Sad Scenes at Lutheran Cemetery.

MAGIC AT THE GUILD ROOM.

A Budget of Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The mother of Chas. L. Schindler, who died of pneumonia in Brooklyn, last Thursday, was buried in the Lutheran Cemetery, at Middle Village, L. I.

When the cortege arrived at the cemetery gates, it was met by Brothers Soper, Hoffman, Lounsberry and Pach, who represented the League of Elect Surds, as a tribute of respect by the Lodge, on account of their brother's bereavement.

Earlier in the day, the venerable widow of the late George Bothner, attended by her devoted children and their life-partners, assembled at the Bothner plot in the same resting place for those who have taken "their burdens for pillows," and the last chapter in the tragedy of the life of one of her deaf daughters was enacted.

The remains of her son-in-law, Myron R. Palmer, were taken from the vault and laid beside his wife and child. Here the mother, father and babe, after a brief span in the Holy Estate, are joined to rest till eternity.

With the exception of Mrs. Bothner's son Charles, who was detained, all her sons and daughters and their wives and husbands were with her.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given at St. Ann's Church Guild Room, on Saturday, April 21st.

There were nearly a hundred present, a good many of whom were hearing people.

A magician and a Japanese juggler were the entertainers, and the feats they performed bordered upon the marvelous. The price of admission was only ten cents, but the performance was worth five times as much. Considering this, there should have been a great many more deaf people there.

Among the deaf present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, Miss Nellie Price, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Brien, Mrs. Ekardt, Mrs. Buhle, Misses Mamie, Nettie and Sarah Elsworth, Barrager, Jaycox, Young, Fenall, Howard, Thadwald, Kammer, Ehrlich, Messrs Soper, Thompson, Meinken, Bachrach, McVea, W. Long, Beck, Onkes, Muench, Prinsing, Mooslein, Frankenheim, Fitzgerald, Redmond, Glynn, Toohey, Baxter, Avers, Dyer, Reiff and Lynch.

The baby girl of Mr. and Mrs. John Haggerty was christened at their residence in Brooklyn, Easter Sunday, and will hereafter be known as Ethel Augusta Haggerty. Supper was served to those present at the christening, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoevel, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Trudal and child, Mrs. Rose Hayden and daughter, Mrs. C. Green, Miss Alice Taylor, Mr. Henry Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty and children, besides many other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Sarah Reddell of Toronto, Canada, is visiting Mrs. John A. Dunlap. Mrs. Reddell expects to remain in Brooklyn for two weeks or more. She is a very fine lady, and the deaf of Greater New York, who have made her acquaintance are more than pleased. It is the lady's first visit to New York. Mrs. Dunlap will return the visit of her friend some time during the latter part of June, and then the two ladies will proceed to Lake Muskoka, where they have a cottage.

Hiram Phelps Arms, whom Philadelphians once recognized as a brother, was in New York last week, for the purpose of meeting his sister who was due from Europe on Friday. Mr. Arms's mother died on Sunday, April 8th, and was placed in a vault in the Hartford Cemetery on the 11th. Mr. Arms resides at Hartford, being editor of the *Connecticut Magazine*.

Rev. Dr. Maynard did not preach at St. Ann's on Sunday, because of illness. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet announced that Bishop Worthington, of Nebraska, would confer the Rite of Confirmation upon deaf-mute candidates at St. Ann's, probably on Monday, May 14th. Rev. H. Van Allen is to preach next Sunday, and Rev. C. O. Dantzer will officiate on May 6th.

Charles Cooper is in the city. He has just returned from Atlantic City and Philadelphia. For the past few years, Mr. Cooper has

made Venetian iron work a hobby, but retains all his old-time enthusiasm when *les bains* is the subject of conversation—and it is pretty sure to be when Mr. Cooper enters a group of talkers.

John O. Berg is the second deaf-mute of the Gallaudet Home to die since the fire. He was a victim of consumption, and had formerly been in St. Luke's Hospital in this city. He was a native of Sweden. His death occurred on Monday, April 16th. He was buried in the Home Cemetery.

Samuel Noble McCarthy, of Providence, R. I., spent a couple of pleasant days in New York this week. He is a printer, and has been steadily employed for the past nine years. He is a semi-mute and was educated in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Grace A. Hayden has been staying with her grandparents for a week, from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday. Francis M. Hayden, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Rose Hayden, has grown quite a deal lately and is able to talk, hear and speak.

Joseph Sonneborn has gone to Gloversville, N. Y., for a short vacation with Edward Lefi. The latter will stay in Gloversville, but Mr. Sonneborn will return to Gotham before the "ice-cream vanilla" season is in full swing.

By an odd coincidence, the birthdays of Messrs. Meinken and Kohlman, who were received as probationers in the League of Elect Surds on April 14th, fell on the following day, April 15th. Each is thirty-two years old.

Mrs. Eva Minihan, of Brooklyn, is much better and will return home from St. Peter's Hospital in a few weeks. Mr. Minihan has steady employment. They have four children, all of whom can hear and speak.

The beloved mother of Miss Mary A. Riley, formerly of Newburgh, now of New York City, died Easter Sunday and was buried in the family plot in Newburg, Tuesday morning.

Messrs. Soper and Lounsberry were on Washington Heights, and incidentally at Fanwood, last Saturday afternoon. They went and returned a wheel. No casualties.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson, of the Borough of Bronx, will spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Witmeyer, in Stamford, Ct.

Robert McVea was one of the large throng of visitors that invaded the historic region of Washington Heights last Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was a fellow-passenger of the Fanwood Base Ball team, from Poughkeepsie to this city, on Saturday.

BROOKLYN.

Those who attended Prof. Steyer's exhibition on the eve of the 19th, enjoyed a rare treat that lasted almost three hours. There were about a hundred in the audience, a good part of them being New Yorkers.

First on the list were some stationary stereopticon pictures representing famous generals of the late war, together with portraits of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, and the Gallaudet Home as it was, then the ruins—all that remains of the fire fiend's work.

Next a moving picture of three children in a pillow fight before retiring for the night. Very life-like, showing even the feathers flying out of a tear in a pillow.

Two darkies on their knees, eating watermelon, showing the juice dripping on their clothing as they continue with their eating, also the seeds dropping to the ground.

Why a certain person could not sleep. Delirium tremens. Very interesting.

Land and naval parades, scenes at the sea, fire engines, etc., etc. Truly it is a marvel and the wonder of the age that inventive genius has progressed so far. If our great-grandparents could only have witnessed it.

On the evening of Thursday, May 17th, Prof. Gardner will give a lecture in the chapel of St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, on "Work and Play."

Mrs. Riddel, of Toronto, is on a visit to Brooklyn. She came in company with Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Smith, hearing people. Mr. Smith is the executor of her father's estate. She is to spend a couple of weeks at the Dunlap residence.

Mrs. Rodrigo was quite sick last week with a bad cold, but has happily almost entirely recovered.

Rev. Spencer Roche, Rector of St. Mark's, presented Mr. Dunlap with a letter of thanks for his kind efforts in collecting the Easter donation.

LEON.

John S. Bowers expects to meet but one classmate at the next Pennsylvania Convention. He left school in 1893, and believes all but one of his class are dead. Mr. Bowers lives at Silver Spring, Pa.

He only finds the right life who is ever ready for death for the sake of the right.

PHILADELPHIA.

Arranging for the Pittsburgh Convention.

A DEAF-MUTE WEDDING.

Mr. Zeigler's Plunge from Bachelorhood.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The Local Committee of Arrangements for the next meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, at Pittsburgh, Pa., on August 29th and 30th, 1900, is at work on the programme and other details. The committee is composed of five representative deaf of the Smoky City, and they can be depended upon for a right royal time.

Prof. A. U. Downing has been chosen Orator, and his subject will be "Watchman, What of the Night?"

Mr. R. M. Ziegler, who usually arranges for railroad transportation, has been so fortunate as to get the low rate of one cent a mile distance travelled on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The distance between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh on this road is 353 miles, hence, at the one cent rate, the fare for the round trip will be just \$7.06. That is a tempting low rate, and it will doubtless serve as an inducement for a large attendance.

The different Branches of the Society throughout the State will do well now to exert their utmost influence towards securing a record-breaking attendance. They can hold up the low fare as an inducement, and the promising prospects of a highly profitable time as another.

The last meeting in Pittsburgh was one of the largest and best in the history of the Society, and the coming one may outrank all previous ones.

Mrs. Margaret D. Oakes was married to Mr. Frank Jones on Wednesday evening April 18th, 1900. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Koehler, at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Syle. Among those present were Mrs. Syle and daughter Irene, Messrs. Edward and Herbert Syle, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. M. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. C. Leiserson, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. T. Young, Mrs. Annie McGleughlin and daughter, Mrs. Bierd, Miss E. Weidener and brother Andrew, Miss Cora Ford, Miss Amy Appich, Messrs. John Q. Hahn, G. Brantis and G. Wilson.

The local deaf are considerably interested in the coming meeting of the New Jersey deaf at the Trenton School on Decoration Day, and an excursion party from this city is among the possibilities. Already the Clero Literary Association has appointed Messrs. Wm. H. Eipsett, R. J. King and Thos. E. Jones a special committee to arrange the excursion. The round trip fare via Pennsylvania Railroad, is \$1.25. It is hardly necessary to say that Supt. Walker is the real magnet which draws this party, if the invasion is made. We trust, however, that its presence will be alike agreeable to our neighbors, the New Jersey deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto and son, were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Campbell for a couple of days last week.

Mr. R. M. Ziegler gave a reading of "Julius Caesar," for the benefit of the Home Fund, at All Souls' Hall last Friday evening, April 20th. The affair was not sufficiently advertised, and consequently only about forty attended it. Mr. Ziegler's labor of the evening was, however, not wasted, for a profit of about five dollars was made.

Mr. Harry Smith received an offer of a position as compositor on a paper to be published at Gardner, Mass., but declined it.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Paul and daughter will leave for their Boston home on about Thursday of this week.

Deaf bachelors throughout this broad land will be surprised to learn that on Monday, April 30th, Mr. Robert Middleton Ziegler will join the blessed order of Benedicks, having won the hand and heart of a charming woman, Miss Mary Louisa Lentz.

Our friend, Mr. Edward D. Wilson, is on the sick list, though we hope nothing seriously ails him.

Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston will celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary next Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Sanders visited old friends in Trenton, N. J., over Sunday.

Miss Eliza Loughbridge visited relatives in Allentown for a few days recently.

A brief literary meeting was held by the Clero Literary Association last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Underwood were pleasantly surprised by a visit from the latter's cousin from Balti-

more on Saturday evening. He remained till Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders will have as guests the latter's mother, sister and niece, during the Summer.

Mr. James Oakes is sick with Influenza.

The engagement of Mr. Wm. J. Phillips and Miss Ida Gotsch is informally announced. Mr. Albert Schriener and Miss Annie J. Auer are also reported engaged.

Mr. Daniel McEvilly, of Chester, has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to resume work.

April 23, '00. J. S. R.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Charles Fritzes, of Rosston, has resigned his good position as finisher with the Ford City China Company, on account of his weak lungs. Last month President Wick became the virtual owner and acquired a controlling interest in the pottery of the Ford City China Company, the largest single manufacturer of the kind in the world, over twelve acres of land on which it stands, and the enormously valuable patents on porcelain tombstones, which Captain J. B. Ford controlled. The Pittsburgh Dispatch said that since engaging in the pottery business, President Wick has shattered the time-honored contention that high class chinaware could not be manufactured at a profit in this country. The finer grades of ware turned out by his famous plants will compare favorably with that produced by foreign manufacturers, who so long had a monopoly in this particular line. Mr. Wick informed a reporter of the Ford City News that he is greatly pleased with Joss Finley, a deaf-mute, who is one of the fastest pressers in the pottery. Five or six deaf-mutes had good positions in the pottery, but left on account of their weak lungs.

William Heilman, Jr., a mute of Pattonville, has of late made and added improvements to his newly-erected house and property. A new cooking stove has been placed in the kitchen with its various utensils, as well as other household goods.

H. C. Cook and C. Fritzes, of Rosston, will rent one of the finest houses from "Squire" Logan, at Logansport, where they intend "batching" the balance of the summer. Logansport is a beautiful place on the Alleghany River.

L. Hill, a sheerman of the Apollo Steel Works, has disposed of his business at Apollo and joined his father on the farm near Goheenville, in Armstrong County. Louis was a former pupil of the Edgewood School.

Tobias King, the well known mute blacksmith near Arkenville, has taken charge of the shop, and the merry music of his hammer and anvil may be heard all day by persons passing. He is kept busy now.

Charles Fritzes has accepted a good position with Pittsburgh & Buffalo Company, at Jonestown, near Kelly's Station, through H. C. Cook's recommendation. Charles' salary is between fifty-eight and sixty dollars per month.

The correspondent had seen A. Zeber, the well known deaf-mute in Pittsburgh. Mr. Zeber is a jolly, good-natured fellow. He is quite optimistic over what he terms the prevailing prosperity, although admitting that he is no more prosperous than he was years ago.

Two weeks ago a certain young mute man, of Leechburg, called on his best girl in Alleghany City. When about to return home, the conversation chanced "to turn to art, and the young semi-mute girl said to him that he reminded her of the Venus de Milo. Whereupon the man was delighted, thinking surely it was symmetrical form she alluded to. When he got home he consulted an encyclopedia and, to his deep chagrin and mortification, found that the Venus de Milo had no arms. He went down to the cellar and tried to butt out his brains on a soft cabbage.

The *Once a Week* is one of our brightest independent newspapers. Mr. Charles Kerney is a thinking man, spirited and progressive, and his paper reflects splendid ability. The *Once a Week* is one of the papers that will be remembered when several of the so-called great papers of the papers have been forgotten in the generations to come.

Letter of Acknowledgment.

SAINT MARK'S CHURCH, (BROOKLYN, April 21, 1900.)

MR. JOHN A. DUNLAP:

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to acknowledge to you the receipt by our Treasurer of the sum of twenty-five dollars toward our Easter Fund.

It greatly adds to the contribution that it comes from so large a number of persons, testifying not only to their good will but also to the advancement of the deaf-mute community in Brooklyn.

Our church rejoices in your prosperity and is happy in placing all possible facilities at your command.

I pray for the welfare of your work. Most sincerely yours,

SPENCER S. ROCHE.

VIRGINIA.

THE CONVENTION.

The fifth convention of the Virginia Alumni Association of the Deaf has been called by the Board of Directors to meet in Norfolk, Va., July 3d, 4th and 5th next. The dates have heretofore been in August, but the past three conventions have demonstrated that these dates are too far within the warm months. Most people are too tired by then, and besides too thin in purse, to be able to make the big trip these conventions call for. As the extreme eastern part of the State has never been favored by one of these gatherings, Norfolk has been selected. When the conventions were held in the western or central section of the State, very few if any of the deaf from the eastern attended. Now, we shall see what sort of a crowd will be in Norfolk in July. Twenty-five or more deaf live in Norfolk and the very cheap rates over the railroads from as far as west as Richmond, which are to be had all summer as the travel to this section is immense during the hot months, ought to induce the largest crowd of any of the past meetings to be there.

Further particulars will be given as the arrangements are complete. Watch the JOURNAL and the *Goodson Gazette*.

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Berkeley, who has been confined to his home in Staunton since early in the year, seems to be getting no better, judging by reports from Staunton. He was recently taken to a Richmond hospital for treatment, but returned to Staunton in a few days.

John Huff, the great and only Huff who declines to get dizzy either on the roof of a six-story building or while just plainly walking along mother earth, is occupied just now in trying to keep the rain off the school by putting a new coat on the roofs of the buildings. The last *Goodson* says: "Whenever it is necessary to engage outside help in making repairs about the establishment, we are inclined to favor deaf workmen if such help is available."

Miss Lavinia Argabright, of Bluefield, W. Va., spent several weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lindsay in Charlottesville, Va., the first of the year.

Miss Lizzie Allen, after the marriage of her sister, went to Farmville to visit Miss May Barrow. She is now visiting her grandparents in Prince Edward county. She is expected to pay a visit of a month or more to Mrs. W. C. Ritter, in Hampton, in June.

Mr. J. H. Heeke's brother, Henry, a member of the Richmond City Council, died suddenly last week. Mrs. George Davis, nee Miss Josephine Harrison, who had been sick in a Norfolk hospital, has recovered, her many friends will be glad to learn.

Mr. Brown A. Huff, of Staunton, is suffering from his old trouble, sore eyes. He should see an eye-specialist at once.

Mr. William F. Huff, who married and settled down in Staunton some years ago, is said to be in very bad health.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The *Richmond Times* of to-day (Sunday) has the following:

"The old Masonic Temple at Fifth and Bainbridge Streets, Manchester, is now in a most dilapidated condition, and will not be torn down as has been ordered by the Mayor, but will be put in repair and be kept so by northern parties as a memorial hall. This old building is of rare historical interest, as has only within the last five weeks been discovered by Mrs. C. A. Pratt, of Boston, who has been in Virginia on several occasions during the winter, looking up the history of Institutions for the Instruction of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind in America. Until Mrs. Pratt's visit to Virginia it was considered that the first institution of this character was established in Connecticut, but upon investigation it has been settled, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that the Old Dominion, along with her many other historical distinctions, justly deserves this one also.

ORDERED TORN DOWN.

Only last week Mr. A. L. Adamson, who as agent, has control of the old structure, was summoned before the Mayor to show just cause why this old building which from its age was in so dilapidated a state, that it was a danger and an eye-sore to the general public, should not be removed. Mr. Adamson appeared in the Mayor's Court and was allowed twenty days in which to repair or move the old hall. Workmen were put to work at once and about one-third of the building had been removed Friday, when the work was ordered to be stopped, at the request of Mrs. Pratt, who called upon Mr. Adamson with reference to purchasing the property and told an interesting story of its historic connection with the question in which she is interested. The old building was erected by the Manchester Lodge of Masons, No. 14, in 1792, as a Masonic Temple and was used for that purpose almost a century.

FIRST OF ITS KIND.

The first school for the instruction of deaf in America was taught in this building about 1814, by John Braidwood, who was brought to this country from Germany by Colonel Bolling, of "Cobbs," whose two children were deaf and dumb. Mr. Braidwood was successful with his pupils, which led to his establishing this school in Manchester, which for several years was a flourishing institution. Mr. Braidwood gave his life to this work. At his death, in 1821, he was buried just in the rear of the old temple. This building still belongs to the Masons of Manchester, and in the future will probably be used as a memorial hall and an institution for charitable purposes.

Mrs. Pratt, who is interested in this undertaking, has been stopping at the Jefferson for the last two weeks, but left yesterday for Washington. She will advise Mr. Adamson to-morrow in regard to her future plans.

April 23, 1900.

RITTER.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Ann Clapp, (born Miss Hurley) died at the home of her daughter, Miss Eva H. Clapp, in Lafayette, Onondaga Co., New York, on Wednesday morning, April 4th, after a severe illness of eleven weeks. She was seventy-four years of age at her death, and was a bright, active woman.

She attended the old Fiftieth Street School, in New York, and was always delighted to meet old schoolmates at the conventions and picnics of the deaf.

In June, 1848, she was married to Mr. Amasa Clapp, and with him moved from her home in New York to Lafayette, where she has since always lived. Her husband died eleven years ago, leaving her three grown children—Eva H., Ada E., who died two years afterward, and Chas. C. Clapp, now of Alden, Iowa. Her children find much comfort in her beautiful faith in her Saviour.

C. O. DANTZER.

ILLINOIS GALLAUDET UNION

SIXTH TRIENNIAL REUNION IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 30TH TO SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1900.

ANNOUNCEMENT No. 1.

Wednesday evening, Informal Reception.

Thursday, 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., Business Session. Afternoon, Illinois School Alumni Meeting.

Evening, Reception by the Pas-a-Pas Club.

Friday, Lake Excursion to St. Joseph, Mich. Leaving Chicago dock at 9 A.M., and returning at 9 P.M. Three hours on Michigan soil, visiting, bathing, etc.

Saturday, 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., Business Session. Afternoon, Visiting tours. 6 to 8 P.M., Banquet.

The above programme may be modified later on.

A great crowd of visitors may be anticipated here during that week, on account of the G. A. R. encampment. But most of the visitors will be leaving by the time our first session is called to order.

Hotel accommodations will be announced later on.

The Central Passenger Association has announced an one-cent per mile rate. The iron-clad signature form of ticket only will be used for that purpose, and will be sold from August 25th to August 30th, inclusive, good going on date of sale only, and returning before Friday midnight (August 31st), when visited by the Joint Agent upon payment of fee of twenty-five cents. But tickets can be exchanged till September 30th, upon presentation for proper extension and payment of fee of fifty cents to the Joint Agent before noon of September 3d. Tickets must be purchased and used on or before Wednesday, August 30th.

The Western Passenger Association will make a somewhat similar arrangement, which will be announced on time.

In either case, the privilege arranged on account of the G. A. R. encampment will be open to any and all outside of the G. A. R. coming to Chicago. The members and friends of the Union will, then, avail themselves of the reduced rate of travel.

Necessary announcements will be made through our silent press, as time goes on.

Make your own preparation at once to come, and enjoy the meeting.

PHILIP J. HASENSTAB,
Chairman Local Committee.

3241 FOREST AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL., April 14, 1900.

Chichester cathedral spire is the only one which can be seen from the sea along the coast of Great Britain.

A physician calculates that it takes eight times the strength to go up stairs that is required for the same distance on the level.

Vanity's search for praise is like a dog chasing the shadow of his own tail.

For particulars, write or call on
JOHN L. CONNERTON,
River, cor. Hoosick Street,
TROY, N. Y.

Then send for the photographs of
1. The Convention in Buffalo.
2. The Trolley party at Queenston,
Canada.

Single, \$1.25—the two to one address
for \$2.00